AN ABSTRACT OF THE HISTORY Of the CRUEL SUFFERINGS OF THE Bleſſed French MARTYR *Louis de Marolles*,

From his Condemnation to the Gallies, to his Death in the Dungeon.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

To which is added,

A Relation of the BARBARITIES lately exerciſed towards ſeveral Eminent Perſons at *Montauban*, in a Letter dated *Jan.* 29, 1713.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by *Joſeph Downing* in *Bartholomew-Close* near *Weſt-Smithfield*, MDCCXIII.

Price Four Pence.

Advertiſements.

POpery Diſplay'd; Or, the *Church of Rome* deſcribed in its true *Colours*. Being a faithful Deſcription of the *Romiſh Religion*, and Compariſon of it with the Reformed: Shewing the *Proteſtant* Religion to be the ſafe Way to Heaven, and that of *Rome*, the moſt Unſafe and Dangerous. For a Warning to thoſe who would be ſaved, to ſeparate themſelves from that *Corrupted Church*.

The Maxims of the *Popiſh Polity* in *England*; with the Means to ſtop its Progreſs. To which is added, an Abſtract of ſeveral Letters written by the Reverend Dr. *Talbot*; in which many of the Artifices uſed by the *Popiſh Miſſionaries* are detected. Price 6*d*.

The Hiſtory of the *Inquiſition*, with an Account of the Cruelties exerciſed therein. Written by one of the *Secretaries* to the *Inquiſition*.

A Faithful Account of the Cruelties done to the *Proteſtants* on Board the *French* King's Galleys, on the Account of the Reformed Religion. Done out of *French*. The 2d. Edition.

A Specimen of Papal and French Perſecution; as alſo of the Faith and Patience of the late *French* Confeſſors and Martyrs, exhibited in the Cruel Sufferings, and moſt Exemplary Behaviour of that Eminent Confeſſor and Martyr Mr. *Lewis de Marolles*; Counſellor to the *French* King, and Receiver of the Conſignations in the Baliwick of St. *Menehold* in *Champaigne*; from his Condemnation to the Gallies 1686, to his Death in the Dungeon 1692. Done newly out of *French*.

The Marquis *de Langalerie*'s Reaſons for Renouncing the Popiſh Religion: With the Diſcourſe Addreſſed to him in the *French* Church of *Frankfort* upon *Oder*, at his publick Abjuration of the Errors thereof.

46.12.17.906.

All Sold by *Joſeph Downing* in *Bartholomew* Cl[oſe] near *Weſt-Smithfield*.

THE PREFACE.

THE Reader has here a short Account of the tedious and severe Sufferings of a glorious Martyr in the Cause of JESUS CHRIST: So much at least, it's hoped, as may excite Curiosity to read the History at full length. So great was his Zeal for Truth, that he chose to encounter the most formidable Train of Miseries the Wit of Man could devise, rather than be ashamed of his great Lord and Master, or his Words.

The Idea of his Torments strike a tender Heart with Horror; though the dreadful Reality could not shake his Constancy. There seemed to be a Tryal of Skill between the subtile cruel Arts of his Enemies, and the wondrous Faith and Patience of this Christian Hero: Neither Threats nor Promises, no Fears nor Torments could shock the Integrity he maintained to Death; enduring as seeing him who is Invisible: The Spectator of the Combat, and the Rewarder of the Victory.

The admirable Meekness, Humility, and Resignation he express'd, cast a very peculiar Lustre on his Sufferings. He rather excus'd, than aggravated the barbarous Treatment he received from his Perse-

cutors;

pitors; and with profound Submiſſion to Divine Providence, yielded himſelf to the Will of his Tormentors. In his Caſe we have a bright Inſtance of Divine Power engaging in his Support: And ſuch as will not ſee it here, I fear will no where elſe. 'Tis impoſſible for Fleſh and Blood to hold out ſo long againſt ſuch violent Preſſures, without much higher Aſſiſtances.

May this ſignal Example of Chriſtian Gallantry, ſettle and confirm our Reſolutions, ſtedfaſtly to adhere to the Proteſtant Faith, that received ſuch remarkable Atteſtations from Heaven. May we deteſt the Idolatrous Tenets and bloody Practices of that Church, which makes the moſt ſavage Acts of Cruelty meritorious, though they can produce nothing but Hypocrites: For Pain can never convince the Judgment, though it may extort a falſe Confeſſion.

At the End of this Abſtract, ſome freſh Inſtances of Romiſh Barbarity *are faithfully related: To convince us, (if poſſible) that they are continually bent upon meaſures tending to our Ruine: That they only wait for a fit Seaſon to make us feel, what now only we hear others ſuffer. From all, may we learn to fix our entire Truſt and Confidence in God; and ſacrifice all Intereſts to his Honour and Glory.*

AN

AN ABSTRACT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE Bleſſed French MARTYR *Louis de Marolles.*

MOnſieur *Louis de Marolles* was Born about the Year 1629 at *Champagne*, of an ancient Family, adorned with Titles of Honour and Nobility. He was of a ſweet, eaſie, even Temper; much addicted to the Study of the moſt uſeful Parts of Learning, eſpecially of Piety and Religion; in all which, he made great Proficiency. He made great Progreſs in Philoſophy, and applyed himſelf to the Study of Phyſick, ſo far as Philoſophy, ſtrong Parts, and ſound Judgment, would carry him in finding proper Medicines for Relief of the Sick. His genius naturally diſpoſed him to the Study of the Mathematics; and he was ſo grounded in the Fundamentals of Algebra, as rendered him one of the prime Artiſts of the Age.

He had a Wife and four Children, very young when he attempted to leave *France*, finding he could not ſtay there with liberty of Conſcience. He and his Family moving towards *Germany*, were ſtopt *Decemb. 2d*, 1685. near *Strasbourg*, and committed to one of the City Priſons. He was examined by the Governour and Intendant, of the Deſign of his Journey; and by Jeſuits concerning his Religion: He made a free Confeſſion to the former, that he was going out of the Kingdom, tho' ſolicited to ſay, he was going to *Strasbourg*, that for the preſent might have ſaved him: So far was he from Diſguiſe and Diſſimulation: The latter treated him civilly and gave him fair Promiſes, and entertained him with frequent Diſputes.

During his confinement at *Strasbourg*, he received Letters from his *Roman Catholic* Friends. One told him of an endeavour made to deliver a Petition to the King for his departing the Kingdom, on condition of leaving all his Eſtate in his Hands, conſiſting of 708000 Livres of Rents, thinking the Offer tempting. But they anſwer'd, that it would be a great Favour to the Perſon who ſhould meddle with it, if upon a like Demand, he was not ſent to the Baſtinado. He concludes by telling him, all his Credit and Friends could not ſave him from the Gallies, nor the reſt of his Family from perpetual Impriſonment, if he had been ſo ill adviſed as to think of making an eſcape, ſince the Court was reſolved to ſupport the Laws at firſt, by ſevere Examples.

He was removed from *Strasbourg* to *Chalons* with his Family, in a Waggon, *Jan. 17th*, 1686, and arrived there the *28th*. He was immediately viſited by the Biſhop of *Chalons*, now Arch-Biſhop of *Paris*, who promis'd him, if he could, to conceal him under his Robe: He continued in the Priſon of *Chalons* juſt ſix Weeks.

During

During the four first Weeks of his continuance here, he had liberty enough: The Ecclesiasticks flock'd about him to signalize themselves in the Conqueſt of him; but when they found his Conſtancy invincible, they lock'd him up in a Dungeon fifteen Days, permitting none to ſee him. Then he was brought to Judgment the 9th of *March*, his Sentence being pronounced by Torch Light, which in ſhort was this: *That for attempting to go out of the Kingdom, contrary to the King's Edicts, they condemned him to ſerve the King for ever on Board the Gallies, and his Perſonal Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King.*

In a Day or two after Sentence, they ſent him in a Waggon to *Paris*. Three Archers who attended him, ſuffered his youngeſt Son to accompany him. He arrived at the *Conciergery* the 14th of *March* 1686. His Son was now told he muſt ſee him no more: He was put into a dark Dungeon for two Months; *May* 11th, he was brought before his Judges, and his Condemnation at *Chalons* was confirmed: At two a Clock in the Afternoon, they put Irons on his Hands, then carried him to *La Tournelle*, a Place they ſend ſuch to as are condemned to the Gallies, where he made the 26th Galerian.

Here he was loaded with Chains, but improved ſome ſpare Minutes to write to his Family; giving them an Account of the Tranquillity of his Soul, and his Truſt in God, counting himſelf happy in Suffering for his Name and Truth. He ſays, in one of his Letters from *La Tournelle* the 6th of *May* 1686. 'I was put in-'to a dark Dungeon in the *Conciergery*, where 'I have been buried ſix Months. On the Morn-'ing of my Arrival, I was twice brought be-'fore the *Procurator* General, and I returned 'ſuch Anſwers to his Queſtions as *Jeſus Chriſt* 'inſpired me with, according to his Promiſe. 'He made me another Viſit, and gave me this

'Teſtimony: That it was admirable to ſee me 'do that for Error, which none of them per-'haps would do for the Truth. A little after, 'the chief Preſident ſent for me out of the 'Dungeon, with the greateſt Honour in the 'World. He expreſs'd towards me much Good-'neſs, and great Grief and Sorrow to ſee me 'there. *All theſe gentle Methods had their End 'and View, but they were, I thank God, unſuc-'ceſsful.*

In another dated from *La Tournelle* 2*d* of *July*, he informs us of a Combat, in which he yielded againſt his Mind. 'He confeſſes, that being in 'the Priſon of *Chalons*, the Tears of a Wife 'and Family, dear to me, which could not 'move me at *Strasbourg*, join'd to thoſe of two 'Brothers in Law, who came to ſee me at '*Chalons*, induced me to accept ſome Propoſals 'made me by two of the moſt eminent Per-'ſons of the Province: Theſe were to deſire 'my Liberty to inſtruct my ſelf more fully. But 'few Days after, God made me underſtand my 'Fault, and giving me an opportunity of Re-'pairing it, I embrac'd it with Joy, Fervency 'and Tears: And that Father of Mercies who 'can bring Light out of Darkneſs, made uſe of 'my Infirmities, to give me that Strength and 'Stedfaſtneſs I ſince had. This makes me 'hope he will continue this Favour to me, to 'the End; that He will always proportion his 'Gifts and Graces, to Tryals he thinks fit to 'expoſe me. For the former miſſing of their 'End, they made me new ones, that affected me 'leſs, and I rejected them all without delibe-'rating; this ſo enrag'd them, that next Day I 'was put into a Dungeon, where I lay thirteen 'Days before my Condemnation.

After Two Months languiſhment in a Dungeon, he was brought before the Court the

11th of *May*, 1686. What passed there, a Letter of his to his Sister in Law, dated from *La Tournelle* May 17th, declares; 'Two full 'Months I have been with seven miserable 'Wretches, condemn'd either to the Gallies, or 'to be Hang'd and broken alive on the 'Wheel, in a Dungeon so dark, that I could 'not well discern their Faces. They all were 'troubled with Rheums and Fluxes, which God 'preserved me from, tho' I am old, and they 'all young. The 11th, I was taken out of the 'Dungeon, contrary to my Expectation, for I 'expected they would let me rot there, and 'brought to the criminal Court to be judg-'ed. The President of the House, at the Head 'of my Judges, bid me sit down on the Pri-'soners Stool, and took my Oath to speak the 'Truth. I answered to all he desired to know, 'and he exhorted me to consider my own Cir-'cumstances. I thank'd him for his Goodness, 'and told him my Resolution was fix'd long a-'go, and that I resign'd my self to the Court 'to suffer what Penalties they thought fit: 'That however severe they might be, they 'would be less uneasie to me than to act a-'gainst the Light of my Conscience, and live 'like a Hypocrite. I was then conveyed back 'to the Dungeon. The 14th of *May* they put 'Manacles on my Hands, and conducted me 'in a Coach to *La Tournelle*. The Governour 'there knowing who I was, ordered me gentle 'Treatment for that Place, putting a Fetter on 'my Foot. But next Morning he received Or-'ders that afflicted him, the King commanding 'that the Chain should be put upon my Neck. 'I thank'd him for his Goodness, and told him 'I was ready to pay a respectful Obedience to 'the Orders of his Majesty. I laid aside my 'Hat, they took the Chain off my Foot, and 'put another about my Neck, that I believe

'weighs

'weighs no leſs than thirty Pounds. Thus you 'ſee, my Dear Siſter, the Condition the wiſe 'Providence of God has allotted me, out of a 'Thouſand others in which He might have 'placed me. I expect from his Mercy, Strength 'and Conſtancy, to ſuffer all for his Glory and 'my own Salvation. Afflict not your ſelf at my 'Condition, my Dear Siſter, it's more happy 'than you think for. Weep not for me: Keep 'your Tears for ſo many miſerable Wretches 'who live not ſo contentedly as I do. Grant 'me the Aſſiſtance of your Prayers: I aſſure 'you, I forget not you in mine.

In another Letter, *May* 16*th*, the Day the Chain was put about his Neck, and ſuppoſed to be wrote to Monſieur *Jurieu*. 'Thus, Sir, 'you have an Abridgment of my Miſery, and 'to ſpeak more truly, of my Glory; for I con-'tinually give Thanks to God for the Honour 'he does me, in not thinking me unworthy to 'ſuffer for his Name ſake. Let your Prayers 'accompany mine, to obtain of God's Mercy 'his Succour and Aſſiſtance, ſo long as it ſhall 'pleaſe him to continue my Sufferings.

Nine Days after, the Procurator General viſited and condoled him: He expreſſed great Grief and Concern for the Miſeries he endured; and ſo much the more, ſince his Prejudices plunged him into them: He anſwered, that he ſhould be very culpable if it were ſo; but his Opi-nion was, that in Caſes which concern Salvation, we muſt deſpiſe what relates to this Life only; that this Thought induced him to bear his Evils with Patience.

Three Days after, he received another Viſit, an Account of it is under his own Hand. *May* '27*th*, 1686. A Councellor belonging to the 'Court *La Tournelle*, came to me. He told me 'with all the Ingenuity of the World: All our 'Aſſembly, Sir, are touched with grief for your

'Miſe-

Misery, and I come to ſollicit you to deliver your ſelf. We know you liv'd like an honeſt Man, and are of a good Family. Conſider, and examine your ſelf by the Rules of Policy and Conſcience. Before Seven or Eight Months end, your Religion ſhall be no more in *France*. There are now very ſevere Edicts againſt the new Converts who do not their Duty: And in other Places your Religion has been extinct theſe 130 Years. You know it ſubſiſted in the Kingdom upon ſuffrance only, out of a Neceſſity to appeaſe the Troubles. It lies wholly in your Power to advance your ſelf higher than ever, and procure Peace to your Family.

'I anſwered, I was much obliged to that Illuſtrious Aſſembly, for paſſing ſo favourable a Judgment on me, and for the Goodneſs they expreſſed towards me: But that nothing ſhould make me act againſt my Conſcience, and that I had but little regard for all the Advantages of this Life. That if God ſhould convince me I was in an Error, by giving me new Light, I ſhould not fail to follow it with much Zeal and Joy, out of the ſole View to his Glory.

In a Letter to Monſieur *Jurieu*, May 16*th*. After thanks expreſſed for his good Advice, and the Conſolation his Letters afforded him. 'The manner, ſays he, of my Sufferings, and the good Eye with which God makes me regard them, perſuades me, that he'll give me Grace to continue faithful to Him, even to Death. I fix not my Eye on my Condition, which afflicts thoſe who ſee it, much more than it does my ſelf: I fix it ſolely on the Rewards God has promiſed. I'm certain the light Afflictions He is pleaſed to viſit me with, will produce in me, according to his Divine Promiſe, an eternal Weight of exceeding great Glory. I make all my Glory and Happineſs

'to

'to conſiſt in this, that my Redeemer counts
'me not unworthy to ſuffer for his Name. I
'fix my confidence on the eternal Rock: I put
'all my Truſt in him: I expect help and ſuc-
'cour from him alone. I perſuade my ſelf that
'nothing can move me, fixt on ſo ſolid a Foun-
'dation. The Place I'm in, Sir, reſounds with
'nothing but Filthineſs and execrable Blaſphe-
'mies, there's not an honeſt virtuous Word to
'be heard. They make Noiſe and Tumults all
'Day, and the greateſt part of the Night, that
'heretofore I could ſcarce meet with one hap-
'py Moment to lift up my Heart to God. We
'lie Fifty Three of us in a Place not above
'30 Feet in length, and 9 in Breadth. On my
'right ſide lies a ſick Peaſant with his Head
'to my Feet, and my Feet to his Head. We
'envy the Condition of ſeveral Dogs and
'Horſes.

In a Letter to a *German* Miniſter. 'When I
'reflect, ſays he, on the merciful Providence of
'God towards me, I'm raviſh'd with Admirati-
'on, evidently diſcovering the ſecret Steps of
'Providence, forming me from my Youth after
'a requiſite manner, to bear what I ſuffer. I
'always had but little value for thoſe Things
'Worldlings admire; and more Care to pro-
'vide for my Soul, than my Body, tho' I own
'to my Shame and Confuſion, that I ſerved
'God not ſo faithfully as I ought, nor have
'been thankful enough for all his Favours. I
'always had a Zeal for his Glory and Truth.
'And theſe are thoſe Holy Seeds, his Goodneſs
'preſerved in my Heart, which in this deſo-
'late Hour began to produce in me the excel-
'lent Truths, whoſe ſweetneſs affords me a
'Pleaſure, I'm not able to utter. This happy
'Condition aſſures me, God will finiſh the Work
'he has begun in me. And I believe I may ſay
'with his Faithful Apoſtles, that I am confi-
'dent,

neither Angel, nor Principality, nor Powers, nor Heights, nor Depth, nor Things present, nor Things to come, nor any other Creature, shall be ever able to separate me, from the Love which God hath shewn me in his Son Jesus Christ. 'I can truly say, that all the Forms of Misery I have encountred, are so far from shaking the holy Resolution God put into my Heart, that they only confirm it. I have sought God in a quite different Method in my Afflictions, than ever I did in Prosperity: He delightfully communicates himself to me, and makes me tast of solid good Things.

They now offered him his Liberty, only on condition to get himself instructed by the Bishop of *Meaux*; but he rejected the Proposal after all imaginable Methods to work upon him. He said, 'The Jesuits of *Strasbourg* had given 'no manner of Satisfaction to his Objections: 'That he was strongly persuaded of the Truth 'of his Faith, about which he had no manner 'of Doubt; and that he fear'd, 'twas tempting 'God to accept the Offer. He declar'd his 'Sufferings had brought him to a great distelish of Earth, and an ardent desire of Heaven: 'That change of Condition would make him 'forget his Miseries, and root the Love of the 'World in his Heart, and leave him without 'any certainty of the Assistance of God, he hitherto received, if he should again fall under 'Sufferings.

The Procurator General visited him, and told him, he came to try once again, if there was any room to rescue him from the Chain; demanding if there were any Alteration in him. He returned him Thanks for his Civility, and told him; 'All his Disgrace wrought no change 'on the Disposition of his Heart or Mind. He then departed.

His Wife visited him as often as she could, and put her Hands through a Grate, to wash the Wounds the Chain had made, with Water in which Musket Balls had been steep'd. The Clergy contrived a Report, that he was besides himself, but he took an effectual Way to demonstrate its falsity. He proposed a Problem to the Learned, to exercise themselves in the Solution of it, and thereby to judge of the Temper of his Mind. He performed to a wonder in this intricate Problem, and baffled this infamous Fraud, studiously contrived to allay the Admiration of his Constancy.

At length the Chain departed from *Paris* the 20th of *July*. He had now the Fever, and dreaded the sorrowful parting from his Wife; but she was sick with Affliction, and could not be present; but his Children met him, and casting themselves on his Neck, embraced him; Ah sorrowful Adieu! This famous Galerian making so much Noise at *Paris*, drew a great Concourse of People: Every one seem'd touch'd with his Misery: 'And an Antient *Roman Catholic* Mer-'chant breaking through the Throng, came and 'embrac'd and encourag'd him, offering him 'his Purse. This Man since gave Glory to God, 'retiring with his Family to *London*, there to 'make Profession of the Truth.

Monsieur *Marolles* wrote from *Dijon* to one of his Friends at *Paris*, Ten Days after his Departure from *La Tournelle*. 'Our Treatment, 'says he, is extremely prejudicial to me: I 'dissembled my Condition as much as possible 'at my Departure, my Fever has been conti-'nual, without Intermission; it brought me to 'Death's Door, but God in his infinite Good-'ness has rais'd me up again. I must confess 'that in this Voyage it was, that I perceived in 'good earnest that I suffered.

I

In another Letter from *Marſeilles* the 25*th* of *Auguſt*: 'As I left *Paris* ſick of a Fever, it 'has accompanied me to this Place; I have un-'dergone incredible Fatigue, and have been 'twice at the Point of Death: In which Con-'dition, I lay on Planks without any Straw, 'and my Hat was my Pillow. When we left 'the Water it was much worſe with us: We 'were jumbled 14 Hours a Day in a Waggon, 'through rough ſtony Roads, then thruſt into 'Dungeons. Thus God prov'd me, and furniſh-'ed me with neceſſary Aſſiſtance, and brought 'me hither pretty free from my Fever, but ve-'ry weak: And what is terrible, at my Arri-'val, for want of Examining into my Conditi-'on, they ſent me away into the Galley; I 'was ſupported by two of the Guards, and 'Chain'd as other Galley Slaves were. He ex-preſſed great Concern for the Departure of his Family out of the Kingdom.

In a Letter to his Wife the 15*th* of *September*: 'The miſerable Voyage I made, has learnt me 'what it is to ſuffer, there I begun to feel my 'Sufferings. Let us comfort our Selves, my 'Dear, ſince they are paſt and gone, and I'm in 'a Place of Reſt. I live very contentedly in 'the Company of Monſieur *La Fevre*. We 'are always together, our Beds join to one a-'nother. This Mr. *La Fevre* is likewiſe a fa-'mous Martyr, who was Advocate at *Chatel 'Chinon* in *Nivernois*. He proceeds. Thus you 'ſee, my Dear Heart, that I have nothing to 'do but to pray to God, and be cheerful: Be 'not afflicted at my Condition, for it is eaſie, 'by the Grace of God. Thus he laboured to extenuate his Sufferings at all Times, to pre-vent her exceſſive Grief. About this time 300 Pardons were ſent for Galley Slaves, but none for our Martyr, though great Interceſſion was made, It ſeems as if they had made it their

Buſineſs, and were in Honour oblig'd to Triumph over his Conſtancy and Piety.

In his Letters dated the 23*d* and 30*th* of *September*: 'I'm excuſed by my Friends Remonſtrances upon the Score of my late Sickneſſes, 'from embarking with 150 invalid Galley Slaves 'for *America*; and am reſerved for a ſecond 'Embarkation in the middle of *November*. Fear 'not, Sir, this is not able to ſhake my Conſtancy: God, by his Grace, has fixt it upon 'too ſolid Foundations. I can ſincerely aſſure 'you, that I heard this News with as little 'Emotion, as I'm now in about it. It's no matter to me, wehther I die by Land or Sea, 'in *Europe* or *America*. I'm perſuaded that all 'kinds of Death of God's Children is precious 'in his Eyes. I believe my Death would be 'more Edifying and Glorious if it happen in my 'Bonds. I have fully reſigned my Self to the 'Will of God: I'm perſuaded all States He 'caſts me into, are ſuch, as he judges I ſhall 'more glorifie him by, than by an infinite Number He might allot me. Speaking of his Embarking in *November*, he ſays to his Son; 'You 'muſt not be afflicted: This was decreed in 'Heaven, before it was appointed on Earth, 'and we muſt all be perſuaded, that it;s for 'our Good that God is thus pleaſed to order 'it. He ſpoke of Monſieur *Le Fevre* his Companion in Bonds. They were ſeparated at their Departure out of the Hoſpital, to be put on Board different Galleys, Monſieur *Le Fevre* was diſtinguiſh'd from other Galley-Slaves, and placed in the Stern.

In his Letter to his Wife the 23*d* of *September*, he diverted himſelf with giving her the Deſcription of his Galley-Slave Habit. 'I have a 'fine little red Jacket, made juſt after the Faſhion of the Carriers Frocks of *Ardennes*: It's 'put on like a Shirt, for it's open but half way

'before.

' before. I have likewiſe a fine red Cap, two ' pair of Breeches, Stockings, and two Shirts ' with Threads as big as my Finger. I find ' ſome favour on Board: Let theſe Succours ' God affords me, comfort and rejoice Thee. ' I'm already uſed to the Place where I am, as ' if I had been there all my Life-time.

He leſſen'd the Account of his Miſeries, to encourage his diſconſolate Wife: Of this we have an unexceptionable Proof in a Letter wrote to her the *6th* of *October*: He declares to her his trouble for the Report of his ill Uſage. ' What ' I'm going to tell you, tho' it may give you ' Trouble, ought to afford you Joy, for the re- ' membrance of paſt Evils is agreeable. The ' Iron I wear on my Foot, tho' it weigh not ' 3 Pounds, troubled me much more at firſt, ' than that you ſaw about my Neck at *La Tour-* ' *nelle*. This proceeded only from my great ' Leanneſs at that Time: But now I have al- ' moſt recovered my former good State, it's no- ' thing ſo with me: Beſides, we learn every Day to place it ſo, as it may give us the leaſt Uneaſineſs.

In another to his Wife from *La Tiere*, the *24th* of *Octob.* 1686. ' You muſt not diſquiet your ſelf for me. Monſieur *Le Fevre* and I, are no more let looſe from the Chain, neither Day nor Night; nor are we allowed to go on Shoar, nor ſuffered to receive Letters, nor write any that are not ſeen. Monſieur *Le Fevre* appeared before the Biſhop of *Marſeilles*, exactly at the Time they tell us, the Orders came from Court, to reduce us to the Condition I juſt told you we are in. I chang'd my Galley thrice in one Week.

By this it appears, that the Court exerted it ſelf in a very peculiar manner, to ſink and de- reſs all they could theſe Two illuſtrious Com- nions in Sufferings and Glory.

He

He goes on: 'The Intendant told me I muſt 'prepare for the Embarquement for *America*: 'If it ſo happen, let it not afflict thee, my 'Dear. Let us reſign our ſelves to the Provi- 'dence of God, who does all Things with in- 'finite Wiſdom, and moſt noble Ends for his 'Children: We are not able to make a good 'Choice, becauſe we know not what is beſt for 'us. Let us then leave it to him, who knows 'how to bring Light out of Darkneſs, and to 'call the Things that are not, as if they were: 'Let us be perſuaded He'll do nothing but 'what's for his own Glory, and our Salvati- 'on. Let us not oppoſe his Will by Impati- 'ence or fruitleſs Tears. We can't be ignorant 'of his Divine Will; it evidently appears to 'us by the Effects. Our Separation, in its ſelf 'conſidered, is the moſt hard and bitter thing 'in the World for us, but is not ſo, if we 'conſider it as the Will of God, ſince it's from 'thence it does proceed. And ſince the Judg- 'ment of Man does only pronounce the De- 'crees of God, let us lay our Hand upon our 'Mouths; let us with profound Submiſſion and 'Obedience, adore the Hand that ſmites us. 'Let us ſay with *Eli*, *It is the Lord, let him 'do what ſeemeth him good.* Let us not doubt 'but that He'll ſhew us, by happy Experience, 'that *all worketh together for good to thoſe that 'Love and Fear Him.* Let us profit by his Di- 'ſcipline; let us not regard our State with bo- 'dily Eyes; let us not confine our Sight to 'the Miſeries of this Life; let us carry it to 'the glorious Recompences God promiſes his 'Children: Let us be perſuaded, that if we 'Weep and Mourn now, there will come a 'Day when we ſhall be comforted. They are 'theſe Conſiderations, my Dear Wife, which ſup- 'port me, and make me ſwallow and digeſt all

'my

' my Misery without much trouble. Believe what
' I am going to tell you, and practise it. Don't
' disquiet your self for me, for all my Changes
' are for the better. I protest to you, that I
' ne'er yet have been so well, as now I am.

By a Letter dated the 26th of *Novemb.* 1686. He acquaints his Wife with the Joy he had for her Departure out of *France*: ' It makes me ' pour out my Soul in Thanks for his Mercies ' to us all. Monsieur *Jurieu*'s Letter afforded me ' great Consolation; it strengthen'd my Faith, ' settled my Hopes, and produced excellent ' Fruits in my Soul: Desire him always to af- ' ford me the Assistance of his good Prayers. ' My support, perhaps, is owing to the Supplication of so many good Souls who pray for ' me in Private and Public: For of my self I ' am altogether nothing else but Weakness and ' Infirmity; nevertheless, by the Grace of my ' God, I still stand, and hope I shall persevere ' faithful unto him even to Death; and that in ' Recompence, He will give me the Crown of ' Life. He exhorts her *to offer their Bodies and Souls to God as a living Sacrifice, holy and acceptable in his Sight, which is our reasonable Service.* He says: ' This is what I daily study to do. ' I can truly tell you there passes but few Nights ' but *I water my Bed with my Tears.* Let not ' this affict thee, but afford thee matter of Joy, ' and an holy Occasion to join with me in Bless- ' ing God for it. For these Tears are not the ' effects of worldly Sorrow, which brings forth ' Death; but from Grace, some from that godly Sorrow, which *brings forth Repentance unto Salvation, not to be repented of*; others from the ' Joy I feel, when I consider with Admiration, ' how great Mercies God has and does bestow ' upon you all, and my self. I reflect with extreme Joy on the Sacrifice thou hast offered up ' to God, of the Goods He had given to me and

' thee.

'thee, Thou mightest have enjoy'd them, if thy 'Heart had enclined that way. But thou hast 'made thee a *Treasure of them in Heaven, where 'Rust and Thieves spoil not.* This Treasure will 'provide for the Time to come, for thee and 'our Children, a solid Foundation for eternal 'Life. Thou hast esteemed the pretious Liber-'ty of serving God, of much greater Worth, 'than the Riches of this World. Thou hast, 'like *Mary, chosen the good Part which shall not 'be taken from thee.* I assure you, my Dear, thou 'couldst not have made a Choice more to my 'Mind. I Praise God with all the Powers and 'Faculties of my Soul, who hath given me a 'Wife truly Christian: Who in my Absence 'will endeavour to learn our Children to be 'Christians.

In *December* he had several Disputes with Clergymen at the Bishop of *Marseilles*'s. The Effects of those Conferences were to be fear'd, because they often serv'd only to render their Condition worse, as it's thought it happened to Monsieur *La Feure*, who had been with the Bishop of *Marseilles*, before Monsieur *de Marolles*.

In a Letter to his Wife, *Jan. 20th*, 1687. 'I 'have not so much Cause to complain as you 'imagine; the Time slips away very quickly. 'The Week is no sooner begun, but I find my 'self at the End of it. When I'm up, after 'presenting my Petitions to God, I read Six, 'Seven, or Eight Chapters of Holy Scripture; 'I make such Reflexions and Observations there-'on, as I'm able: I draw from this Divine 'Source, all the Consolations I stand in need of. 'God himself most plentifully furnishes me 'with them; and with his precious Balm of 'Gilead, he gently Anoints and Supples all the 'Wounds which my Sufferings may make in my 'Heart.

All the Letters out of which are theſe Extracts are written with his own Hand. In his Diſputes with the Biſhop, *&c.* he ſays he followed the Advice of St. *Peter*, *rendring a Reaſon with Mildneſs and Reverence, of the Hope that was in him.*

About ſix Weeks after his Conferences with the Biſhop, he was taken out of the Galleys, to be ſhut up in a kind of Dungeon made purpoſely for him in the Cittadel of *Marſeilles*. It muſt be obſerved, that all Additions to the Pains of our Martyr, under that variety of Perſecutions he underwent, were done by expreſs Orders from the Court. He made ſuch a Noiſe in the World, that they endeavoured at *Verſailles* by ill Treatment to Triumph over his Patience and holy Reſolution.

Here he maintained the Conflict ſix Years againſt Nakedneſs, Hunger, Cold, and Darkneſs. He wrote to his Wife a Letter dated *Octob.* the 20*th*, 1687, under the Name of a third Perſon, but to my knowledge it's written with his own Hand: It declares by the Date, with what Severity and Vigilancy he was handled, ſince none heard from him till Seven Months after he was ſhut up. 'You deſire, Madam, ſays he, to hear from your Husband. This is what we learn from the Report of the City: The 12*th* of laſt *February* he was taken out of the Galley, and put into the Cittadel. He is thruſt into a little Room, which ſerv'd for a Soldier's Lodge: But ſuch an Alteration is made in it, that moſt of the Light there, comes in by the Chimney: He lives on five *Sols* a Day, allow'd him by the King for his Subſiſtence. He is committed to the Cuſtody of the Major, who, the better to ſecure him, places a Centinel Day and Night at the out-Gate of his Chamber, and another at the Top of his Chimney. They ſay he is not grived at it, but patient-

'ly ſuffers his Affliction. Be not afflicted at his 'Condition, he is endu'd with Conſtancy enough 'to put him above all. We are all more apt 'to complain than he, and we have great rea-'ſon to ſay with *David*,

O Lord, How long——
How long, O God of Hoſts.

'Farewel, Madam, I recommend both your ſelf 'and Family to the Grace and Mercy of the 'Lord. Be pleaſed to pardon me, if I do not 'tell you my Name. I'm no leſs your Ser-'vant.

I met with no Letter of the Three following Years, but we ſee by thoſe he wrote in the Years 1691, 1692. into what Abyſs of Miſery they caſt him, and how great the Strength was of his Faith and Hope. I find a Note without Date, to his Fellow Sufferers, to aſſure them of the Fidelity he reſolv'd to keep to our Saviour: 'Tis the Hand of the Martyr, but written with a trembling one. Thus he labours to comfort them. 'Let us all comfort our Selves with the 'Cauſe of our Sufferings: Let us always fix our Eyes 'on the Recompences God reſerves for us. Let 'us all aſſure our ſelves, that all we ſuffer, is 'a certain Sign our Names are written in the 'Book of Life. Let us count it all our Happi-'neſs, that God thinks us not unworthy to ſuf-'fer for his Name. I'm ſorry they trouble 'themſelves to get a Penſion for me; write to 'them to trouble themſelves no more: I'm con-'tented to live on Bread and Water: I acqui-'eſce and content my ſelf with every thing. 'Monſieur *Le Fevre* is an excellent Man, he writes 'like a compleat Divine, and what is more, 'practiſes what he ſays. My Lamp gives little 'Light, my Eyes fail, I make uſe of broken 'Spectacles, ſo muſt cut ſhort.

It appears by ſome Letters, that he would not meddle with any great Sum of Money, for fear it ſhould be thought he deſign'd to corrupt his Guards. The Major defrauded him of his due; was ſtrict and cruel to him, hindring all Correſpondence by Letters. This appears by a Letter to his Wife the *6th* and *16th* of *Decemb.* 1691, to make us groan with Horror to behold the Miſery of this holy Man, and admire his Patience and Confidence in his God. He chides her for impairing her Health with concern at his Condition. 'That which grieves me 'is, that you make me an occaſion of your In-'diſpoſition. If it's I that put the Sword to 'your Heart, then do I very innocently ſtab 'my ſelf. Be not diſturb'd at this new Croſs 'God lays on me by thy means. I will bear 'it like a Chriſtian, and ever with ſubmiſſion 'to the Orders of my God and Father, full of 'Tenderneſs towards me. Imitate me in that, 'my Dear Widow, and not in the many Fail-'ings you have known in me. Love me tender-'ly, as thou haſt done, but regulate it always 'by Divine Love, as that I have for thee is 'ne'er ſeparated from it. Thou doſt moderate my 'Sufferings, by ſaving thy ſelf and dear Family 'from the Deluge of this Age; yet I always 'fear'd, you receiv'd not with ſubmiſſion enough 'the Affliction, by which it pleaſes God to prove 'us. What reaſon haſt thou to fear Evil ſhould 'befal me? Doſt thou queſtion the Omnipoten-'cy of God? Doſt thou imagine God would 'deſert me at laſt, after ſeveral Years miracu-'lous preſervation, tho' I ſhould loſe my Life to 'preſerve my Fidelity to my Saviour? Think 'not that is the Way to loſe, but the true 'Way to ſave it. Remember, to give thee 'more Confidence in the Goodneſs of God, that

The Angels have pitch'd.——

Then he gives her an Account of his Miſeries. ‘ The Place I'm in was formerly a Lodging for ‘ Soldiers, now it's converted into a Dungeon: ‘ Not ſo much Light comes in at preſent, as ‘ to hinder me by Day, from running my ſelf ‘ againſt the Walls. After three Weeks abode ‘ there, I was aſſaulted with ſo many Inconve- ‘ niencies, that I thought I could not live there ‘ Four Months to an End: And it will be Five ‘ Years, the 11*th* of next *February*, that God pre- ‘ ſerves me there. My little Sanctuary is Ten ‘ of my Feet in Length, and Twelve in Breadth. ‘ This is the fourth Winter I ſpent there with- ‘ out Fire. The firſt I had none at all, the ſe- ‘ cond they began to give me ſome the 28*th* ‘ of *January*, and took it away before *February* ‘ was out: The third they gave me ſome for ‘ about 14 Days: I have ſeen none this Win- ‘ ter, and I will not ask for any at all. I ſen- ‘ ſibly have felt the Cold, Nakedneſs and Hun- ‘ ger: But all this, I thank God, is paſt and ‘ gone. The Major might give me Fire if he ‘ would, for he has Money of mine, but he will ‘ not give me a *Double* of it. I have lived on ‘ Five *Sols* a Day, the Subſiſtence the King ap- ‘ pointed me. I was at firſt fed by an Ordina- ‘ ry, which treated me very well for my five ‘ *Sols*. But another which ſucceeded, fed me ‘ five Months, and ſcotch'd me off daily three ‘ *Sols* in my Food. The Major at length un- ‘ dertook to feed me, which he did at firſt ve- ‘ ry well, but at length left off to do ſo. He ‘ opens my Dungeon but once a Day, and hath ‘ cauſed my Dinner ſeveral times to be brought ‘ at 9, 10, and 11 a Clock at Night, and once ‘ I did not receive any Bread from him for ‘ three Days, and at other times twice in Twen- ‘ ty four Hours. Let not ſo many Miſeries af- ‘ flict thee, my Dear. Conſider, as I have done, ‘ that this Diet was appointed me by the So-

‘ vereign

vereign Physician of my Body and Soul, to whom I have resign'd my self, and that he would not have appointed it, if he had not judg'd it necessary. It is by this means, and the sparing manner after which I have liv'd for all this present Year, that God hath preserv'd me in Life and Health. Beware therefore of falling into regret, whereas you ought to bless God for his merciful Conduct towards me. I have just told you that I have suffered Nakedness, I have been almost a Year without Shirts, my Cloaths are more torn and ragged than those of the poorest Beggars which stand at the Church Doors. I have gone Bare-foot till the Fifteenth of *December*, I say Barefoot, for I have had Stockins which had no Feet, and a pair of old-Shoes unsew'd on both sides, and boared through the Soals. An Intendant who came into this City Three Years ago, saw me in this magnificent Dress, and tho' he promised me much, yet he left me Ten Months in this Condition; at the end of which, God rais'd me up Succour, which there was no room to expect. He put it into the Heart of a charitable and pious Person, the Almoner of the Citadel, to visit me; this without doubt was done, with the Agreement of the King's Lieutenant, who is likewise very Charitable. And having seen me in the sorrowful Condition in which I was, he went out immediately to fetch me some of his Linen, but I hindred him. But at length he did sollicit so well for me, that he procur'd me a whole Gally-Slaves Suit, and oblig'd the Major to buy me a pair of Shoes, and a close pair of Breeches out of my own Money. So that by the Care of this good Person, I am better cloathed than I have been in all my Captivity. He procur'd me likewise a most notable Advantage, which is, that ever since

'ſince this Year and half, the King's Lieutenant 'gives me every Day a Lamp full of Oil, 'which gives me Light for Six, Seven, and 'Eight Hours. This gives me opportunity to 'read the Holy Scripture more than I did be-'fore. They gave me but a little Candle for a '*Liard* a Day. I believe that this is enough to 'ſatisfie thy Curioſity. I muſt farther add, that 'I have been for theſe Five or Six Months 'troubled with an Oppreſſion of the Lungs, 'which almoſt took away my Breath. I have 'likewiſe been troubled with Giddineſs, and 'have fallen down ſo as to break my Head. 'This Giddineſs I impute to the want of Food. 'But I am now, by the Grace of God, in more 'perfect Health, than I have been theſe Forty 'Years. I ſpeak, my Dear, ſincerely, as in the 'Preſence of God. It is Two or Three Months 'that they give me regularly Three little Loaves, 'and often Soop; ſince which time my Head is 'almoſt ſettled, and I ſleep much better, and 'my Giddineſs is almoſt over. After the com-'fortable News which I tell you, think no more, 'but rejoice at it, and to praiſe God for it, 'and labour after thy Health, which ſhall always 'be mine. This I conjure you in the Name of 'God, and let not your Suſpicions any more 'trouble the Reſt and Satisfaction, which I find 'in the Poſſeſſion of my God.

The Major, from whom the Martyr received ſuch ill Treatment, is called *Lambert*; who would not allow him ſo much as a little Thread to mend either his Cloaths or Linen; and for 3 Months refus'd to get his Linen waſh'd.

In the following Letter may be ſeen how thoſe two famous Confeſſors do comfort and encourage each other. M. *de Marolles* tells his Friend: 'You ſpeak juſt to my Mind, my dear Bro-'ther, when you ſay that we alone ſhall be the 'Perſons, whom the King will not make to

feel the Effects of his Clemency. We are brought upon the Stage in order to ſtrike a Terror into the whole Kingdom, and upon whom muſt fall that Vengeance, which the King makes thoſe to feel, who do not acquieſce, and ſubmit to his Orders. But if we have had the Misfortune to diſobey our great Monarch, let this be our comfort, that we did it out of an indiſpenſible neceſſity, to which we were reduc'd, of diſobeying him. We have preferred the Obedience which we owe to the Divine, to that which we owe to Humane Majeſty. This is the laudable Crime for which we ſuffer ſo many Miſeries.—— Let us always fix our Eyes upon the glorious Recompences which God reſerves in Heaven for us, for that very Crime for which the God of this World will perhaps never forgive us. Let us wait the Will of the Lord, and be always faithful to him. It muſt be obſerv'd, that in this Letter, here are certain Proofs, that ſome of our Martyrs Letters had been communicated to the King.

He wrote to his Wife, *March* 24, 1692, thus: I will endeavour to make my ſelf paſs for no other than for a Man of very common Endowments. When I was taken out of the Gally, and brought hither, I found at firſt a great deal of Pleaſure in this Change. My Ears were no longer offended with the horrid and blaſphemous Sounds, with which thoſe Places continually eccho'd. I had the Liberty to ſing the Praiſes of my God. I could proſtrate my ſelf before him as often as I pleas'd. Moreover, I was diſcharg'd from that uneaſie Chain, which was infinitely more troubleſome to me than that of Thirty Pounds weight which you ſaw me carry. But notwithſtanding all theſe Troubles, the Lord, who had a Mind to make me experience his Succour and Aſſiſtance in a rare

'rare and extraordinary manner, ſuffered me to
'fall into a terrible Tryal. The Solitude and
'perpetual Darkneſs in which I ſpent my Days,
'preſented my narrow Soul with ſuch a fright-
'ful and terrifying Idea, that they made a very
'fatal Impreſſion thereon. It was fill'd with a
'Million of falſe and vain Imaginations, which
'did very often tranſport it into Deliriums and
'idle Fancies, which laſted ſometimes for the
'ſpace of two whole hours. My Prayers were
'no Remedy againſt this Evil. God was pleas'd
'that it ſhould continue for ſome Months. I was
'plung'd into a profound Abyſs of Affliction.
'When I conſider'd together with this ſorrow-
'ful Condition my little Bodily reſt, I conclu-
'ded from thence that it was the high road to
'Diſtraction, and that I ſhould never eſcape fal-
'ling into it. I inceſſantly implored the Succours
'of my God. I beg'd of Him, that he would never
'ſuffer mine Enemies to triumph over me and my
'Sufferings in ſo ſorrowful a manner as that was. At
'length, after much Prayer, Sighs and Tears, the
'God of my Deliverance heard my Petitions,
'and after ſo many Tempeſts ſent a perfect
'Calm and Serenity. He diſſipated all thoſe Il-
'luſions which gave me ſo much trouble. Af-
'ter having deliver'd me out of ſo ſore a Try-
'al, never have any Doubt, my deareſt Wife,
'that God will not deliver me out of all others
'in general, do not therefore diſquiet your ſelf
'any more about me. Hope always in the Good-
'neſs of God; and your hopes ſhall not be in
'vain. I ought not, in my Opinion, to forget
'to take notice of a conſiderable Circumſtance
'which tends to the Glory of God. The Du-
'ration of ſo great a Temptation, was in my o-
'pinion the proper time for the old Serpent to
'endeavour to caſt me into Rebellion and Infi-
'delity.

delity. But God always kept him in so profound a Silence, that he never once offer'd to infest me with any of his pernicious Counsels, and I never felt the least Inclination to Revolt. Ever since these sorrowful Days, God hath always filled my Heart with Joy. I possess my Soul in Patience. He makes the Days of my Affliction speedily to pass away. I have no sooner begun them, but I find my self at the end of them. With the Bread and Water of Affliction, with which he tries me, he doth afford me continually most delicious Repasts.

This is the last Letter of the Martyr put into my Hands. A Confessor on Board the Galleys tells us in a Letter: 'That the extream Weakness of the Body and Eyes of our Martyr, hindred him from Reading and Writing a Month or two before his Death; which happened *June* 17, 1692. He was buried by *Turks* in the same Place where those Infidels were buried. A Letter from *Marseilles*, June 20, 1692. says: 'He was press'd to the last to change his Religion, but he always persevered in his own. He died the Day before yesterday, being buried by *Turks* among the Turks. They must make an end as they begun. Thus is he out of his Misery, and crown'd with Glory in *Abraham*'s Bosom. He had nothing to hope for but Sufferings in this World.

Another Letter of *June* 20, written to his Wife by the Confessor on Board the Gallies, says: That after having groaned under Irons for some time, he was remov'd to a Dungeon, dreadful for its Obscurity, and much more so for its Stench; where he was fed very ill, and often labour'd under Hunger, not having enough even of Bread and Water; which made him very weak, and flung him into Vertigoes, so that he fell down about Two Months since with very weakness, and dash'd his Head against the Wall, which caused several Wounds, having been ever since languishing. Those who had the Management of him, were insensible of his Pains, and for six Weeks past they gave him a little bet-

ter and greater Quantity of Victuals; but his Body was so weakned, that it could not recover its Strength. He recommended himself to the Prayers of his good Friends, and thought of nothing else but his Departure. God hath at length disposed of him, and he shall return to us no more.— He hath gone through the most cruel Torments which Inhumanity in its utmost extent could inflict; but yet God hath never suffered them to make a Prize of his Innocence—— I must tell you for your Consolation, that from the Time that they saw this dear Martyr grow weak and decay, he was often visited by Doctors of the contrary Communion; but this firm and immoveable Servant of God was not moved by their Visits. He heard without trouble that which he rejected, and did not return railing for railing. He blest his Enemies to the last. His Glory will never be blotted out, neither in Heaven, nor in the Earth.

This blessed Martyr was one Year on Board the Galleys, five Years in a Dungeon, always conflicting with Darkness, Stench, Cold, Nakedness and Hunger. Tho' he was thus continually besieged by all the Horrors of this Life, yet he preserv'd his Faith pure and inviolable to the last Gasp of his Breath. What a Treasure of Instruction and Consolation might the Faithful receive, from the Thoughts, Meditations and Prayers of this holy Soul, could they enjoy them!

To this flagrant Instance of Popish Fury, another of a later Date is subjoined; to shew: That neither Time, nor Appearances of Friendship they personate, can ever really reconcile them to us, or in the least degree mitigate their Hatred of our Holy Religion: That if they so barbarously treat their own Country-Men, we may easily guess at our own Fate, if ever we come within the Reach of their Power. The only Provocation given by these poor Sufferers, was in short this: They met together to worship God, by the Use of the *French* Liturgy, and reading the Holy Scriptures. *Mon-*

Montauban Jan. 29th, 1713.

SIR,

'I Acquainted you in my former Letter, that 'there were about Fourteen Persons brought 'hither, who were taken in an Assembly of about 'Twenty or Twenty five Persons, Men and Wo-'men, at *Milhand* in the District of *Rovergne*. I 'believe you will not be displeased if I give you a 'particular Account of that sorrowful Affair, which 'so nearly concerns the Protestants in general who 'are in this Country, and the Protestant Cause in 'all Places where it is profess'd.

'Be pleased then, Sir, to receive this Account, which 'I have learned from the Mouth of one of the poor 'Persecuted. He tells me, That they were Assem-'bled on *Sunday Octob.* the 16th last, at the House 'of Monsieur *Vaisiere* in *Milhand*, to worship God 'according to the Principles of our holy Religion. 'That the Deputy Intendant, and other Magistrates 'of the Place, being informed of their Meeting, 'caused the House to be invested by Soldiers, and 'that Fourteen of them were taken, the rest hav-'ing escaped the Vigilance of the Soldiers.

'That those who were taken, were immediate-'ly thrown into a Dungeon, where they had no-'thing to lie upon but a handful of Straw, not-'withstanding the rigour of the Season, and but a 'little Food to keep them alive.

'Their Relations and Friends, immediately em-'ployed all their Interest to obtain their Liberty, 'but without Success: They offered Security for 'them, only to be permitted to come out of Pri-'son, and especially Madam *Vaisiere*, who was 84 'Years of Age; but all their Applications were to 'no purpose, and she died there in Misery the 'fourth Day after her Imprisonment: Nor would 'they suffer any of their Friends so much as to see 'them, till the Day that they departed thence for

'this

'this Place, where they are not treated more favour-
'ably than they were at *Milhaud*.

'They were no ſooner arrived here, but the Inten-
'dant cauſed them to be examined by his Secreta-
'ry, and they have ſince taken their Proceſs in
'Form.

'Monſieur *Navas Vaſſiere*, at whoſe Houſe they
'met, is condemned to the Galleys for ever, all his
'Eſtate confiſcated to the King, and his Houſe
'ras'd to the Ground.

'Madamoiſelle *De Fontaniet*, and Madamoiſelle
'*Pelet*, have been ſhaved by the Hands of the com-
'mon Hangman, their Eſtates confiſcated, and
'they are to ſerve the Sick all their Days; one in
'the Hoſpital of *Cahors*, and the other at that of
'*Rodes*.

'All the other Perſons are condemned alſo, the
'Men to a Fine, and Two Years Service on Board
'the Galleys: And the Women likewiſe to a Fine,
'and Two Years Impriſonment. They that hap-
'pened to ſave themſelves, have not eſcaped the
'Fury of our Enemies: They have been con-
'demned to be hang'd in Effigie, in the Square of
'*Milhaud*, and all their Goods Confiſcated to the
'King.

'Thus, Sir, you ſee the Treatment which they
'give to Proteſtants in this Country, (whoſe only
'Crime is, that they pray to God) in a Time when
'we hop'd for ſome Releaſe from our Miſeries, and
'that the Proteſtant Princes, who give Peace to
'*France*, would have obtained from the King a Re-
'eſtabliſhment of our Edicts, of which they are Gua-
'rantees; or at leaſt, that we might be ſuffered to
'live in Quiet, and to worſhip God in our Houſes,
'without being perſecuted for it, as we are. I am,

SIR,

Your, &c.

FINIS.